Come, come along,
Lets dye with honor, our ſhame doth laſt too long.

Exit omnes

Enter Piſtoll, the French man, and the boy.

Piſt. Eyld cur, eyld cur.
French. O Monſieur, ie vou en pree aues petie de moy.
Piſt. Moy ſhall not ſerue, I will haue forty moys.
Boy, aske his name.
Boy. Comant ettes v ous apelles?
Fren. Monſieur Fer.
Boy. He ſayes his name is maſter Fer.
Piſt. Ile Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him,
Boy diſcuſſe the ſame in French.
Boy. Sir I do not know whats French for Fer, ferite, and ferke.
Piſt. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.
Boy. Feate, vou preat, ill voulles couple votre gorge.
Piſt. Onye ma foy couple la gorge,
Vnleſſe thou giue to me egregious ranſome, dye.
One point of a fox.
Fren. Qui dit ill monſieur,
Ill ditye ſi vou ny vouly pa domy luy.
Boy. La gran ranſome, ill voutueres.
Fren. O ie vous en pri petit gentelhome, parle
A cee, gran Captaine, pour auez mercie
A moy, ey iee donerees pour mon ranſome
Cinquante ocios. Ie ſuyes vngentelhome de France.
Piſt. What ſayes he boy?
Boy. Marry ſir he ſayes he is a gentleman of a great
Houſe of France, and for his ranſome,
He will giue you 500. Crownes.
Piſt. My fury ſhall abate,
And I the Crownes will take,
And as I ſucke blood, I will ſome mercie ſhew.

Folow

Follow me cur.

Exit omnes

Enter the King, his Nobles, and Piſtoll.

King. What the French retire?
Yet als not done, the French keepes ſtill the field.
Ex. The Duke of Yorke commends him to your Grace.
Kin. Liues he good vnkle, twice I ſaw him downe,
Twice vp againe:
From helmet to the ſpur, all bleeding ore.
Exe. In which array, braue ſouldier doth he lye,
Larding the plaines, and by his bloody ſide,
Yoake-fellow to his honour-dying wounds,
The Noble Earle of Suffolke alſo lyes.
Suffolke firſt dyed, and Yorke all wounded ore
Comes to him where in blood he lay all ſteept,
And takes him by the beard, kiſſes the gaſhes
That bloudily did yawne vpon his face,
And cryed alowd, tarry deere couſin Suffolke:
My ſoule ſhall thine keepe company in heauen:
Tarry deere ſoule awhile, then flye to reſt:
And in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept togither in our Chiualry:
Vpon theſe words I came and cheer'd them vp,
He tooke me by the hand, ſaide deere my Lorde,
Commend my ſeruice to my Soueraigne,
So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke
He threw his wounded arme, and ſo eſpouſd to death
With blood he ſealed. An argument,
Of neuer-ending loue.
The pretty and ſweete manner of it,
Forc'd thoſe waters from me, which I would haue ſtopte,
But I had not ſo much of man in me,
But all my mother came into my eyes,
And gaue me vp to teares.
Kin. I blame you not: for hearing you,
I muſt conuert to teares.

Alarum